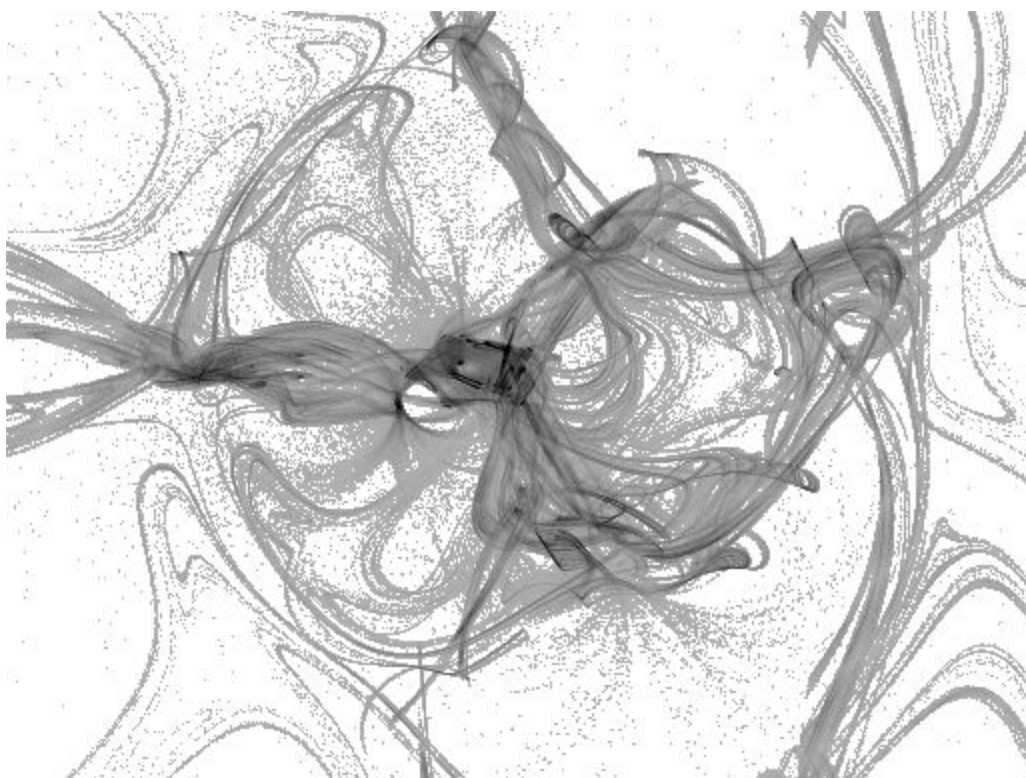


momentum

by

jesse glass



xPress(ed)

momentum by Jesse Glass

Cover Art by Jukka-Pekka Kervinen
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Design, Typesetting and e-Publishing:
xPress(ed)
Espoo, Finland.

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Electronically published in Finland.

ISBN 951-9198-03-2

WWW: <http://www.xpressed.org>
email: info@xpressed.org

Dedicated to Maya, Yoichi, and Tennessee Glass: three people who give me new reasons to hope by the minute, hour, day and year.

Momentum

1.

slashed texts (my own)--&

a series of photographs holding my

slashed (w/a razorblade)

texts

be expressionless, be dark

Mirror hound/
conchoid fracture
in his side

read the poem & destroy each page as it is read

(the "life" of the poem resides in the middle ground between
trope & memory)

gas fumes help us understand

the World o.k.

now

A MONUMENT TO ALAS

Hey, think of this:

a spike tumbling from a cloud.

a male ventriloquist w/a doll that is a peasant girl w/a human skull for a head. Their hilarious dialogue is interrupted by the police, who upon forcing their way into the room, execute the night-club owner, set the ventriloquist on fire, steal the doll.

Smell this:

a sealed room

a menstruating woman

a ball of pitch

Do this:

point a gun at the eye of a storm

throw a penny in the ocean

lick the face of a corpse

Become this:

proud, vain, gluttonous

immune

Build this:

an altar to "a god unknown"

a golem

a coffin

Say this:

"To know the unknown you must listen to its voice."

"I want to sleep! Let me sleep!"

"The opposite of Truths is Secrets."

"The opposite of Discussion is Instability."

"The opposite of Enlightenment is Passion."

Now travel to a perfect city on
the other side of your hand. Say
the first number that comes to mind,
then turn this page of lies.

Truth

the whole process of birth was a lot
cleaner
than I imagined. I had
gone in w/E. expecting gore,

but instead saw only a small amount of blood & tissue

the cord
was a nacreous white, blue & red

& the placenta a wild-looking

organ
of whites & reds--a double handful

of glistening membrane

dropped in a steel bucket

given wings of ash,
black angel--

* * *

negentropy

in a room without walls the alphabet becomes important. don't
ask me why. it's a fact that two people (why do they travel in twos)

are walking in the park. a green car. that's the

landscape here: lake & park & car & motorcycle. and people.
nothing else.

everything is created out of stardust. that
sounds romantic, doesn't it. facts, that's all. and even as I
say this

falling from the heavens

are beginnings: x-rays to achieve the impossible

given infinite time--(the placenta vitrifies, becomes a world-inverting
lens)--infinite--

and 'they created him in their image!'

I think of Strindberg at the top of his evergreen tree shaking
his fist at the
clouds. and the clouds shaking a simian paw back.

and bells ringing in the walls. why must everything be so rational.

(Strindberg fought this in his wives.)

the heaven of infinite textual play imagined by the french. but
why give

the text the benefit of the doubt? I want good old communication.

x went to bed.

x had a vision.

"At a little Distance on the Left side is a Black Spot--the Receptacle of fallen Angels & the finally wicked. And as we know only of two Worlds (out of infinite Myriads) that have revolted; so this is big eno' to contain all those, if none were saved."

hear this:

THE MACROSCOPIC PROPERTIES OF ANY ISOLATED SYSTEM EVENTUALLY
ASSUME CONSTANT VALUES.

or

EVENTS TEND TO MOVE PREDICTABLY TOWARD A STATE OF EQUILIBRIUM.

heat is time

/be dark/

fat w/the work

--What is your name?

--Mirror hound.

--Where are you going?

--Beyond all reflections.
--Is our destination darkness?
--There is always light.

The key to the operation lies in the two rocking stanzas, Aa and Bb. From the ends of these is suspended by rods the gimbal-mounted text, F, with its attached image H, the tube of which goes down into the cistern of symbols, S.

& So I promulgate the results of this infection
Which has sent me reeling into the void
Fat with my buboes like a plague-ridden dog
Hot for a hand to sniff
Or some garbage to rearrange.

This high-flown sickness has changed my nature
To a ravisher of daybooks and a destroyer of innocent

sleep

As I bind my temples with a vinegar-soaked rag
Or paste the wafer of silence upon my forehead and
recline
In a closet redolent of rotten apples to compose
Maxims on duty; odes to the whiteness of my lover's
teeth.

Note:

Silences that fracture conchoidally and are thus desirable for poets share several properties: they are homogeneous, brittle, and elastic. Homogeneous means that they are the same throughout, lacking differences in texture, cracks, planes, flaws, and irregularities. Silence that is not homogeneous may not fracture conchoidally, and cracks, cleavage planes, and other flaws may break a silence unpredictably or in an undesirable manner. In general, the more homogeneous the available silence, the better the poem.

Manmade silence is the most homogeneous available, though some natural volcanic silences come close. Other silences vary greatly in texture and composition, and the fact that they are not perfectly homogeneous is one of the obstacles that the poet must overcome in making a poem.

(/)

the alchemical lion walks down the center of our street in broad
daylight

little children run to him fall at his feet he looks away into the distance

mr. & mrs. america step outside from their day of worship churchbells
the

alchemical lion is here! kitty kitty they say it lurches toward
them the

woman screams the man immediately takes out his cock he must have
her

i must copulate he says the sky is a crystal globe the alchemical
lion

invites them up jesus is watching from the stained glass & the
birds are

spinning in the park across the street like children while the
children fly

like catbirds tapping their little skulls against the celestial
athanor. but it's

a lie it was only the lake it was only blake in the park. it was
only a wonder-

ful music we must understand the meaning of the noon-hour

I pray to the clown martyrs
on their crosses of wax

Coco

Vico

Caliban

 bless the bed that I lie on

& melt

 not from pity

 not from mercy

 * * *

"We melt from
physical necessity."

-- heard in a dream.

Beyond these stones
 a world rises like a plant
with a singing head. We might escape there
 but sex is an awful hieroglyph,
 a clattering jaw,
and death is a gill-man bubbling
 in his secret well. Where are your chains?
We wear them, as it were, internally. Ah. Is it not better
to forget that we have faces? (Your
 noble eyes are the doors that I would step
through.)
 Negative fish swim in that place. The
vast ox and evil camel pace
 the perimeters of our bodies.
 Radiant is the whip they
ply us with in Eden.

*It will be apparent that this arrangement
allows that if the image is drawn up
then the symbol must be lowered, and
if the image is drawn down, then the
symbol must rise, since as either end
of a stanza goes down the other end must rise.*

///SLASH HERE///

Here, Hound, is the way to poetry
 the giant figure screaming in the dark
the ascent of the "Awakened" though they're found
by police arranged in a half-moon chalked on the floor
 w/garbage bags wrapped around their heads
& a stinging dose of anthrax in their veins,

the serial martyrdom of the pigeons. Spin it once

& it gathers speed on a shaft set in the wall
all the inner workings hidden by canvass stretched across the wheel.
It can even be made to lift small laboratory weights
w/out stalling & will not stop until

a bow is drawn by its inventor three times
across a violin. Harsh scroll lips. Bitter & flaking skin.
A winged teardrop burning in the dark. Speech

excessively witty, and far beyond our normal capacity

WE WOULD FLY LIKE GEESE & BE

CARRIED WITH INCREDIBLE SWIFTNESS
THRU THE AIR, HAVING JUST OUR TOES
NOW & THEN UPON THE GROUND
& OUR ARMS WAVED LIKE THE WINGS OF STARLINGS/
NO. NO ONE SAW US AMONG THE TREETOPS
JUST THOSE WHO HAD GIVEN BODY
& SOUL TO THE SICKLY SLEEPERS
& THE DANCING MASTERS OF CLAY. Notice how he draws the bow

across a void encased in wood

& a man's voice begins to name
& enumerate each failure of nerve
each troubling tendency of the "trippers & askers"
who surround him. Even trees & stones appear to take note
as we load the godly wheel w/up to a 50 lb. maximum
w/out trouble. So
easy to get lost among Platonic forms/
the song torn mouth propped on emptiness
slo-mo hammer blows of frost & thunder
sculpting the subtle breath per the scibile...

It ran a good 40 days before it stopped of itself--eternal friend--
wrenching the "I" from the "T"
while the crowd screamed for "Blood" or "Mercy"
as it pleased.

2.

3X
moved
my voice
w/the voice of the Crow

lamenting
in his high dark tree
lights burning
in the wetgrass
 'aw

wingspread shadow
heavy upon me

(Lion leaps
at the adamantine
wheel
grinding his teeth
to fire 'Z

bones roar Babel Hell
 incuse a frowning King
 upon the inner
 ear)

Crow slits himself open
w/his beak
--May I someday
do the same--
 'aw

& a pyramid
w/granite wings
leaps upward
to embrace the gloom.

the concept of negentropy may be applied far & wide, even to the writing of poetry. poets frequently do not say exactly what they mean: that is, they transmit a coded message. if the code is to be broken the second law says that a price must be paid for the information.

COULD THE ANTIQUE MIRACLE YET HAVE RELEVANCE?

*The cistern being open at the top, the
varying pressure of the emotion forces
more or less of the symbol into the image.
If the weight of the image is increased*

*In this way, it descends, and if the weight
of the symbol is increased, the image ascends,
being made lighter. The text, F, rises and falls
with the image, and to this is attached
the winding-up frame, M, which allows
the poem to perpetually renew itself with each new reading.*

& further:

Dear Friends
it is not enough to develop
a vocabulary sufficient to express
light in a dark mirror
 Owl
 in horned
 moon gravity
or riot & growing displeasure
the fork-tailed utterance

 sun
deboned above the sea dollops
of shit that harden into coins

Friend w/the face
of Eagle Lion Man
tautologies explode above the midden heaps
it is not enough
to tell you what you mean to me direct
 communication
 w/the
 Dead
bread crumbs burst into roses
tin leaves brighten w/blood
 meat hooks orbit w/the weight
 of the confirmation
 of tragedy beyond
 silence

Take away breath, Friend,
 & lips collapse upon
 themselves
 the song leaches
into cooling furnace sand &
becomes a bas-relief
chariot race or a tiger
gored by an Etruscan bull

all Art is lost momentum

or

{are((we) are)We (losing))we ARE ? (our nerve!){we [OUR!!] are LOSING?)are! we?)}our NERVE?!!]

* * *

3.

we can only know

so much

of what the Voices say

in sealed rooms.

* * *

Now

a brighter thought

actuates my hand:

I count change

I buy a ticket

I touch mucous membrane

for love

*

Oh!

too much

pounding broken piano

all night

for the shuffling

of anonymous feet

above my head!

and the day. after the terrible storm here people walk again!

like a sunken city we have risen again with new numbers on our

backs. people walk and sing and speak to one another over big

leather-bound books. what is the end of a book like that?

more day. the optimism of the simple.

4.

BURN THE TEXT

Hey burn the text
& reconstruct it
from the ashes
of people's
memories
(fire
w/ pencil
(ash
must o
& paper
ask
them
to recall

dip a rapid net

5.

(News)

Basilisk stare
blood-spotted mirror

"taking a walk" through a landscape/
rice fields

& Berlioz barely audible
sprints across heaven

Jizo wears his red bib
in a hut the color of the rain

so many leaving my garden plot

tumbling up to the moon

unfastening the harness
of language & lying
flat against the sky

face down
they see

young girls here lift
hands pure blood & dust

in their direction

caught where cymbals crash on every block
they hold

one silver bead long proffered on the lip!!!
ancestral
spirits
kiss away

a mastiff barks.
a man on hands & knees
prays & vomits.
vomits & prays.

but most undervalue themselves
(viz: forced hilarity
heard beneath the sun

Where is not temptation? There's
cark & care, heaviness "etc." Madness
of pyramids, crowned asses, parasitical
scribblers vainly strut & preen on many a dead tree hidden away in the dark,

*the eye of the monster
turns at will
but does not linger
at any one place unless
provoked...*

6.

home again

place bloody meat on battlefield

& watch it for 1 hour.

7.

the long heat of the day. The smell of you & me friend admit
you smell as I do in heat like this. It is not a bad smell. Heat
makes us admit that we live that's all. You women and men

admit that you like poems. admit
that your poems are like your most
intimate

smells. You stand
in a dark corner
cupping your hand
to your mouth, drinking

the strong breath hu
releasing the stink men & women
into the earth of another. hu
Admit that you secretly enjoy your smells hu

rubbed off on the raw edges of the hour
the tattoo drawn over
the familiar prehensile face. Go on

reposition the body
behind the text

upended iceblock
melting on the floor

string it up
crucify it

if you must

but admit that you like your poems
the stain in your most intimate garment,
the errant host returned.

8.

a.

He did not know how many times she'd stabbed
the dog with the scissors he had handed her,
but somehow it had lived & was soon
up & about with the others. His father did not
realize what his mother had done.

Goddesses so pay a possessed dog.

b.

Take a crystal sphere & roll it over & over
across the landscape of this page. Follow its
course with your eyes. See the text shift, cohere,
flutter momentarily as the sphere drives it into
life & significant action & leaves each letter in its wake
merely itself when it passes.

O render gnostic illicit song, red nero.

c.

Despite the pejorative label, redundancy has one
great merit. It allows a communication system
to tolerate a corresponding amount of random
transmission or noise. If the right kind of code
is used, it is even possible to achieve almost
error-free transmission to a certain rate, despite
the presence of 'noise.'

Evil odes or prose do live.

9.

(Goodbye)

I admire the serial martyrdom of the birds
& how the spring gnats scribble the face of the sun slate.

I love an old man's hand recalled in rainy weather
moving from nose to throat to solar plexus & returning
thin & liver spotted, to begin again.

I love a screw twisted through a lead pipe after nightfall
despite a chorus of children's voices raised in protest.

& a sky tissue with rebel angels
& the final turnings of a copper coil
in a motor built by sweethearts & abandoned in tall grass.

the song-torn mouth propped on emptiness
praises the manifold, wind-blown, reticulated
breathings of lap-dogs & dray-horses decomposing
as Ur, Thebes, & Ninevah decomposed. The scuttle
reptile skin of the monument flaking under
hammer blows of frost & thunder
sculpting the subtle thought per the scibile
is a subject fit for the shiftings of this prosody,

for can't we remember a better time? a pale woman
on a beach adding rows of numbers in her head
just to delight us? we found a horse shoe crab
half-buried in the sand. it brought glad tidings
from an opaque world of amethyst and amber.
an osprey sliced a wave. you pointed it out,
called it brother or sister (I forget which).
one cyclic claw yanked a fish to the sun.
one drop of sea from a cloudy fin colonized
the flat of your hand. you thought it sudden omen,
abrupt talisman. you were careful to guard this
"hint of immortality in the girl-scented beach house"
till the wind reclaimed it. then we dug
into clay and witnessed bone turning to elegant
stone, while dog-like reptiles frolicked
in the surf. like us they never saw
the sword flash above the mauve horizon.
gravity was somehow gentler then. objects
never fell when dropped, but scratched
like roses at our finger tips. we gladly knelt
upon an aztec block as if to tempt
the aleatory gods, but knife & mallet turned
to scrolls incised with the nib of inexorable
law. & all that night the glittering pistons
of the moon moved the metaphysical carousel,
as each zodiacal mount, skewered on a twizzle stick
carried a thoughtful muse, her knuckles on her brow.

I admire a trivial machine twined among the glands,
the eloquence of empty jars in storm,
the little slit of nothing in a python's eye
gliding across a mud flat on a monkey-mad morning

& sleepless people propped side by side
lifting their voices together to protest
leather flames, pseudo-memories, one-winged butterflies
taped to computer chips, curious lights that wobble
before they fade. they sing, Our loves destroy us
but we do not complain
more than a crow coughing
in a winter tree,
more than a headless sphinx
found in a midden heap. They say:

the stag's back with its load of arrows shot from an ineluctable bow
is plainly visible to us from where we sit
here in the portico of our vast hall; as is the stricken boar
laboring in the shadow of an oak, the spear's
handle translating each gasp into a dial-like regularity,
the barbed head sunk like an idol in the gut
waiting for the erosion of all flesh to disencumber it
of things secondary to its utility. we sit yawning or singing
at our tables, ready to hear gossip or story; ready
to embrace a new faith for the sake of novelty
or rediscover an old, while alien engines
arc in twilight hurling stony questions at the sky
that in turn become unasked for answers battering the masonry away
as we howl songs of the Golden Age while cracking
long bones for marrow, skulls for the a priori.

I love a black sphere reflected in black water
a giant figure screaming in the dark;
the buried mirror
uncovered by the tide
now reflecting a heaven of gulls after centuries.

10.

NOW

this problem: bells ringing once. what does it mean? only the waves with a bit of sand in their teeth slapping the shore and you whoever you are recalling the number of glints in a dream of scimitars. the history of this is brief. can be recounted in a word or less. you are you (that's understood). but can you accept the grace of say a lion tearing a red deer apart in a flask among the clouds, or carp moldering in blocks of stone awaiting the chisel of a true believer to free them from a temporary hell? you can. then climb to the top of a steeple and jump off.

the Kingdom is yours.